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QUE CLASSIC READERS

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

BOOK TWO

SARAH E. SPRAGUE

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING CO



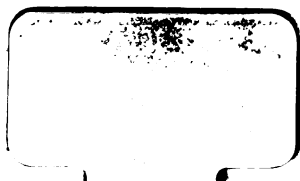


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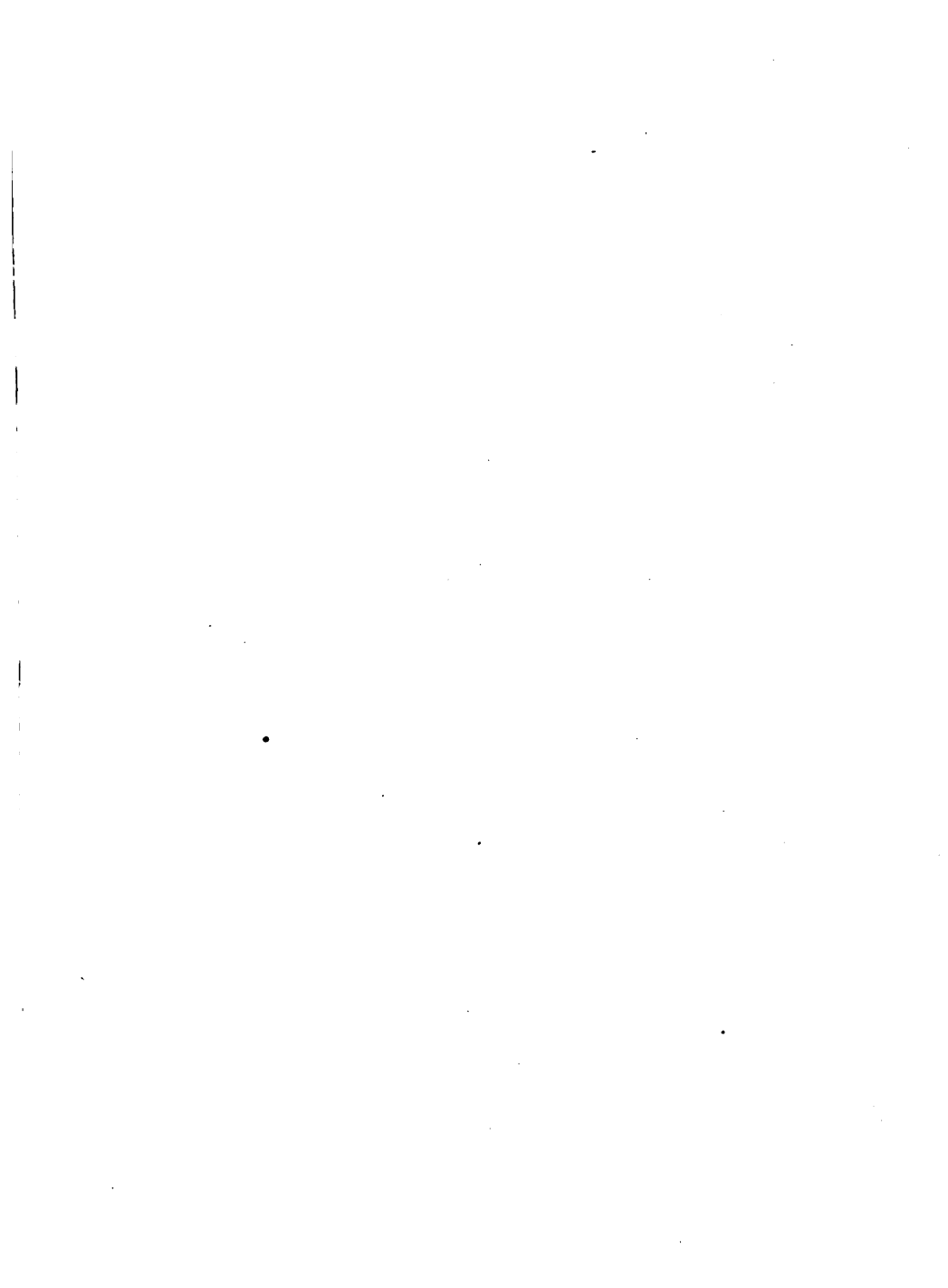
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CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Vogel

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

The Sprague Classic Readers

BOOK TWO

BY
SARAH E. SPRAGUE, Ph. D.

Children are God's apostles, day by day sent
forth to preach of love and hope and peace.

—James Russell Lowell.

Educational Publishing Company

Boston

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ROBU. GOWATZ DRA. LU

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EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

1902

FOREWORD.

Christ it was who disdained not the use of objects and symbols, remembering that it was the childhood of the race. He it was who spake in parables and stories, laying bare soul of man and heart of nature, and revealing each by divine analogy. He it was who took the little ones in His arms and blessed them; who set the child in the midst, saying, "Except ye become as one of these." May the afterglow of that inspired teaching ever shine upon the path we are treading. May we bathe our tired spirits in its warmth and glory, and kindle our torches at the splendor of its light.

—*Kate Douglass Wiggin.*

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PREFACE.

IN GENERAL. Learning to read is one of the most important events in a child's career and in later years his only recollections of this interesting feature of his life should be a series of diversified but always pleasurable experiences, with no weariness of body, mind, or soul attached thereto. Therefore, it has been the endeavor to make the present volume a continuous joy to its little owner, reflecting all his dearest interests and, at the same time, broadening his mental vision as rapidly as it is safe to do.

PSYCHOLOGICAL BASIS. The present volume, Book Two of the series, is based upon the same psychological laws and has the same general underlying principles and motives as the primer, although the scope is broadened to keep pace with the gradually maturing powers of the child.

THE PLAN. This provides for a thorough review of the vocabulary used in Book One, new words being added cautiously although with more freedom than at first. It also carries forward and expands some of the topics introduced in the primer. This serves the double purpose of increasing the interest while developing continuity of thought. Moreover, with the increased vocabulary the literary tone becomes constantly higher and of more permanent value. This will be noticeable in the increasing maturity of even the silent readings, games, memory gems, etc., and in the genuine culture value of the book as a whole.

GRADING. "Much easy reading makes reading easy" has become a maxim among the best primary teachers and all such teachers agree that there should be no long jump between the primer and the next book to be used, because of the discouraging effect upon the children. Accordingly, the author has made Book Two an easy continuation of the previous book, growing constantly, but very gradually, more difficult.

SEAT WORK OR HAND WORK. There should be the same care now as before to give the child proper hand work to supplement the reading lessons. However, while cutting, pasting, modeling, and the like may still be profitably used, construction work and blackboard illustrations of ideas are even more valuable at this point. Unfortunately these can not be illustrated in a book like this. Hence, the author is obliged to rest with a suggestion of the work needed, regretfully omitting details.

METHODS. In the judgment of the writer, it is better to allow the child, at first, the greater freedom of a judicious combination of methods, the phonic drills being given apart from the regular reading lesson. Thus

the ear and the vocal organs are trained without detracting from the interest of the lesson. Words and phrases are rapidly learned and the child begins at once to read. However, each teacher should be the best judge of what method or methods will best serve the interests of her little pupils at the outset and no dictation is here attempted. A fair reading vocabulary once attained, the child may be taught the alphabet and other necessary items without feeling the burden if the teacher is careful to let these things be done incidentally, having them take the form of games rather than required tasks.

PHONICS AND DIACRITICAL MARKS. Just when to begin this line of work and how far to carry it are open questions, to be decided, largely, by the individual teacher, the judgment based upon the needs of her pupils. No arbitrary rules could be enforced without gross injustice. A child of foreign parentage needs earlier and more frequent drills upon the sounds of the letters than do those familiar with English from birth.

After the child has acquired a reasonable facility in distinguishing and making the sounds of the letters, he may, very gradually, be taught the names and use of the diacritical marks. It is not well to make this work a part of the reading period since it leads the child away from thought interpretation which is, after all, the main purpose of the reading lesson. Greater progress is made when but one diacritical mark is given at a time. Take, for instance, the breve (˘). Teach its form and name and where to place it to express the short sound of the vowel. Give thorough drill—many exercises—before attempting any other mark. For help in this work see “Key to Pronunciation.”

EXPLANATORY NOTES. Pp. 9, 14, 17. These give lists of words properly marked to show pronunciation and may be used as models by child when trying to place diacritical marks. These pages show also typical lists of words, that are too difficult for child to mark at first.

P. 13. Have before the class dandelions, milkweed and thistles which have gone to seed, and let each child have one of each. Find the seeds, note the wing-like properties and compare with fresh blossoms from these plants. Have lesson read sentence by sentence, silently and aloud, new words pointed out and pronounced, etc. Before time expires, see that the lesson is read through as a unit.

P. 17. Have class read the picture. Compare picture of ducklings with picture of chickens. Explain that duck's eggs are often given to a hen to sit upon because a hen is a more careful mother than a duck. Lead class to understand cause of hen's anxiety.

P. 20. Teach class how to use this and, later, give other words to be

built upon similarly. Valuable exercise to promote syllabication and spelling.

P. 24. If possible, have sunflower in room and let child verify each point in lesson by showing petals, sepals, etc. If not, use colored picture on page 15 and let class reproduce it at close of lesson.

P. 25. Have child read the stanza. Bring out meaning by questions and objects if necessary. Explain that the cut represents a very old stone mill at Newport, R. I., and that no one knows, surely, when or why built. Memorize stanza.

P. 26. Building blocks and small flags needed. Use as reading lesson, one child taking place of teacher. Class build forts. Close by saluting flag and singing as indicated.

P. 28. Have real flowers of different colors in room or pictures of them. Let each child read silently, class judging from action if correct.

P. 29. If not season for roses have a paper rose for child to hold while reading. In this and other flower lessons, if possible, teach class to make the flowers for seat work. This is most fascinating hand work.

P. 34. See directions for use of page 20.

P. 42. Class may reach this lesson before October. If so, read again in October and verify facts from observation. Also verify the next four lessons by observation.

P. 54. Teacher should not tell class answers to these questions, but lead them to find out from nature.

P. 67. A purely imaginative game much enjoyed when played with spirit.

P. 73. Tell briefly the legend of the snow fairies weaving blankets to cover the roots of the flowers in winter. Will also need to explain "looms" and process of weaving. Show cuts of looms.

P. 92. Send class to blackboard to write names of months for spelling exercise. Help class, by questions, to conquer last stanza.

P. 93. Recall explanation of weaving. Illustrate by pictures of spinning and weaving. If possible, see work done.

P. 108. Better use this on a rainy day in order to make verification easy.

P. 124. Explain "hare." Recall facts about tortoise. Memorize closing proverb. If possible, have both tortoise and hare (or rabbit) present and precede reading lesson by an informal talk about these.

MEMORY GAME. Teach these carefully, letting them impress their own lessons.



ALPHABETS.

A a *A a* **H h** *H h*

B b *B b* **I i** *I i*

C c *C c* **J j** *J j*

D d *D d* **K k** *K k*

E e *E e* **L l** *L l*

F f *F f* **M m** *M m*

G g *G g* **N n** *N n*





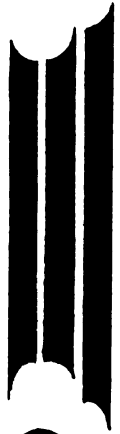
ALPHABETS.



O o O o U u U u



P p P p V v V v



Q q Q q W w W w

R r R r X x X x

S s S s Y y Y y



T t T t Z z Z z





WINNIE AND LION.

WINNIE AND LION.*

By sound.

boōk	mũst	neat	Li' on
schōol	hōmē	clean	Win' nie
gō' ing	house	a gain'	Sep tem' ber

By sight.

Now, Lion, listen to me.

Listen to me, you dear old dog!

To-day is the first Monday

in September.

Do you know what that means?

It means that I am going to school!

This is my new book.

I am going to learn to read.

You must learn to read, too.

* See preface.

There! I hear the school bell.

What a loud, clear voice the bell has!

It is calling me to school.

Do you want to go with me, Lion?

You may go as far as the door
of the school house.

Then you must come home again.

Be careful, Lion! Mamma said I must
keep neat and clean for school.

“Neat and clean, Winnie, darling,” she
said. So be careful, Lion!

(Seat work. Make with splints or brush.)

WINNIE

LITTLE BO PEEP.



THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS.

E. Munier.

“Little
Bo Peep,
She lost
her sheep,
And didn’t
know where
To find them;
She let
them alone,
And they
came home,
Wagging
their tails
Behind them.”

LION'S STORY.

I went to school with Winnie.

We saw Max and Joe, Helen and Anna.

Roger's dog, Sport, was with Max.

Sport barked at Winnie.

Then I barked at Sport.

I barked so loud that he ran home.

I saw a kind lady at the school.

The children called her the teacher.

She said: "I will take care of Winnie;
don't be afraid to leave her, Lion."

So I left her with the teacher.

Now I must watch the hens
and chickens and rabbits.

I must keep them out of the flowers.

AFTER SCHOOL.



Come, Lion! I am going after flowers.
Miss Mary told us to get some milk-

weed and some large thistles.

She wants us to see the wings

on the milkweed seeds.

The thistle seeds have wings, too.

Then we'll get the flower that looks

like a soft, white sphere now.

You know what that is, Lion!

It is just the dandelion.

And dandelion seeds have wings, too.

The wings carry the seeds away, away!

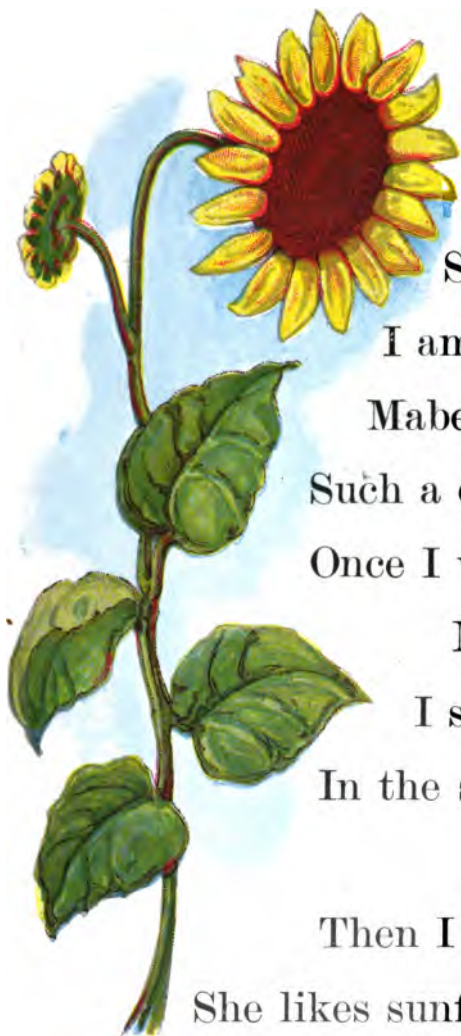
By sound.

*By sight.**

Mĩss	sēds	sails	this' tle
Mā' rŷ	sŏft	sphere	milk' weed
fĩnd	ăf' ter	teach' er	dan' de lí on

* See preface

THE SUNFLOWER.



How do
you do?

I am a sunflower.

See how tall I am!

I am as tall as Mabel.

Mabel is a little girl.

Such a dear little girl!

Once I was a brown seed.

Mabel planted me.

I slept all winter.

In the spring, I came up
into the sunshine.

Then I saw Mabel.

She likes sunflowers. Do you?



DUCKLINGS.

Dieffenbach.

THE HEN MOTHER'S TROUBLES.*

*By sound.**By sight.*

clŭck	swĭm	swan	Lou' is
gēēsē	trȳ	crumbs	wa' ter
dŭck' lings	wĕt	drown	troub' le

Cluck! cluck! Come, chicks! come!

O, do come out of the water!

Water is so cold and so wet!

You will drown! You will drown!

Why do you try to swim?

Mother can not swim.

And mother's chicks can not swim.

Why do you make such trouble?

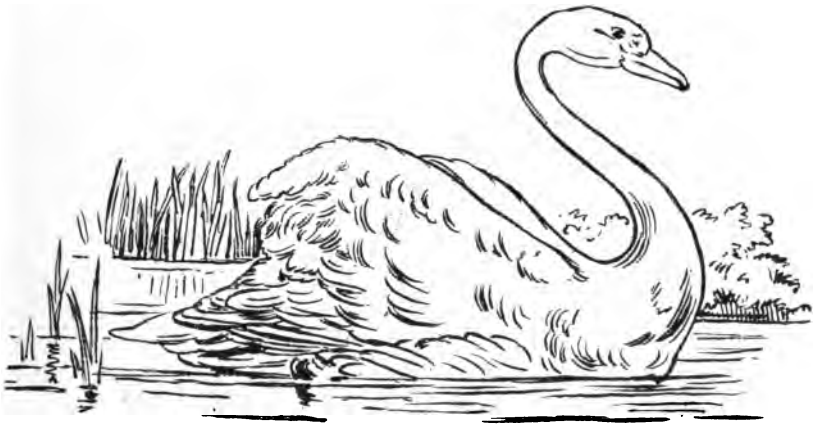
Be my good chicks and come now!

* See preface.

The great white swan can swim.
Geese swim and ducks swim.
But who ever saw a hen swim?
Come out of the water, chicks!
Mother will show you many things.
That will be better than to swim!
See! Louis has crumbs for you!
Dear little Louis! Throw the crumbs.
Call my little chicks for me.
Come up to the house, chicks.
Mother will show you some peas.
And peas are so good to eat!
Are you ducklings, after all?
Did I sit on duck's eggs?
Come—or mother must think so!

SWIM, SWAN, SWIM.

(For rapid enunciation.)



“Swan, swan, over the sea,

Swim, swan, swim;

Swan, swan, back again,

Swim, swan, to me.”

MAKING WORDS.*

read ing . . . reading

know ing . . . knowing

learn ing . . . learning

hear ing . . . hearing

m

pr

sl

n



father ly . . . fatherly

mother ly . . . motherly

sister ly . . . sisterly

brother ly . . . brotherly

* See preface.

THE FEAST.

*Paton.*

Naughty little ducklings!
Take your broad bills out of
that bowl of peas.
Cook got those peas for dinner.

They are not for you at all.

Why are you in the house?

Those broad bills and web-feet

are made for the water.

Run away from that bowl.

Run back to the water!

If cook comes back and sees you,

she will call the dog.

Naughty, naughty ducklings!

Quack! quack! ducklings like peas.

They are a feast to us—a feast!

Must we go away now?

We like the water—but not dogs!

But how can web-feet run?

THE LITTLE PLANT.

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep!

A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep!

“Wake!” said the sunshine,

“And creep to the light!”

“Wake!” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard

And it rose to see

What the wonderful

Outside world might be!

— *Kate Louise Brown.*



WHAT FLOWER AM I?*

I grow very, very tall.

I wear a pretty crown.

My yellow petals make my crown.

My petals are as yellow as sunshine.

Do you know what sepals are?

I have not many sepals.

My sepals are green.

They hold my petals like a cup.

My green leaves are very large.

My stem is tall and straight.

It is very large and strong, too.

You could not count my brown seeds.

Hens like to eat my seeds.

Do you know how I got my name?

* See preface.

OLD STONE MILL.*



“Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour, the mill;
And back of the mill are the wheat
and the shower
And the sun and the Father’s will.”

* See preface.

DRAMATIZATION — (Patriotism.)*

(Use, also, for word and phrase drill.)

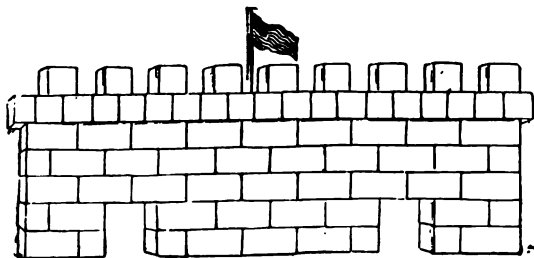
Teacher.

Busy men, busy men,
Bring all the bricks again.



Teacher.

A fort we will build,
With brave soldiers filled.



* See preface.



Teacher.

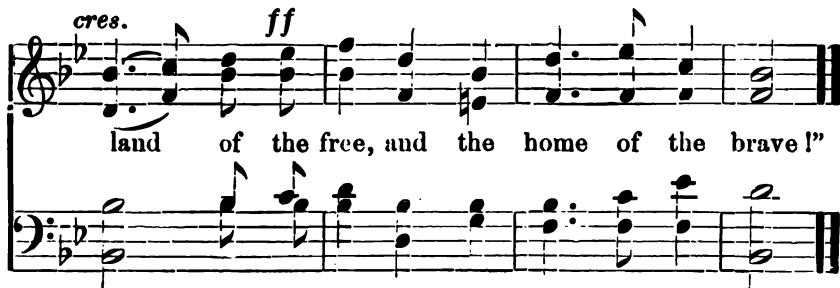
To our colors ever true,
Greet "the Red, White, and Blue."

All sing.

CHORUS. *ff*



"Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave O'er the



land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

ACTION SENTENCES.*

(Read silently. Follow by action.)

Name a white flower.

Name a red flower.

Name a yellow flower.

Name a purple flower.

Name a blue flower.

What parts of a flower are green?

Hold up your right hand.

Show your left arm.

Stamp once with the right foot.

Stamp twice with the left foot.

Hold up your left hand.

Show your right arm.

Fold your arms.

* See preface.

LITTLE MAID.*



Little maid, little maid, where have you been?

Gathering roses to give to the queen.

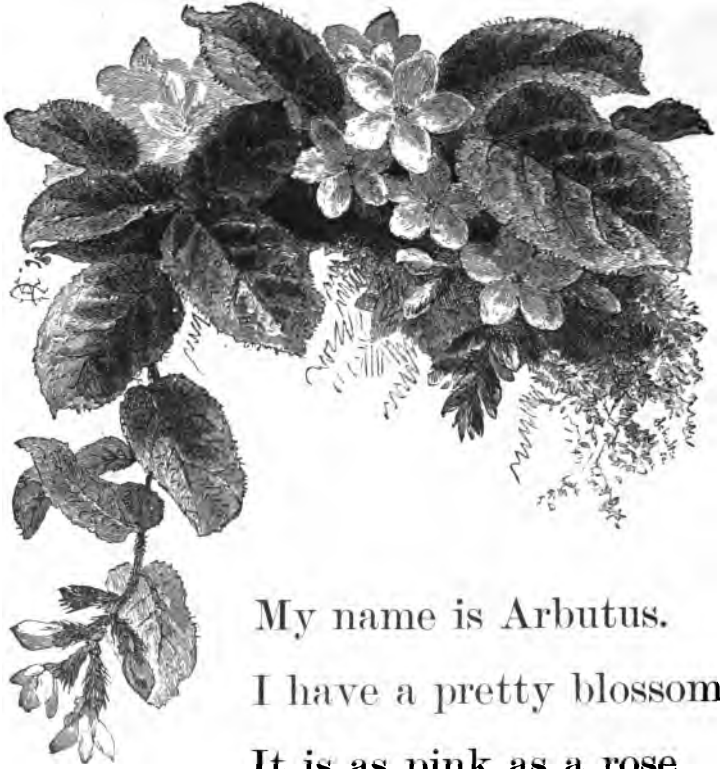
Little maid, little maid, what gave she you?

She gave me a buckle to wear on my shoe.

— *Old English Rhyme.*

* See preface.

THE ARBUTUS.



My name is Arbutus.

I have a pretty blossom.

It is as pink as a rose.

And it is as sweet as a rose.

I grow in the woods.

You may find me every spring.

My stem is like wood.

It is not very pretty.

And my leaves are not very pretty.

But my blossom is pretty!

I am a spring blossom.

Dorothy knows where I live.

She comes after me in spring.

Dorothy likes me.

Every one likes me.

Do not forget my name!



My name is Arbutus.



THE ROBIN.

CHERRY RIPE.

“Cherry ripe!” sings a robin;

“May I buy? May I buy?

Cherry ripe! cherry ripe!

For a song may I buy?”

“Cherry ripe!” sings a robin

From a tall cherry tree;

“Farmer man, farmer man,

May I buy some of thee?”

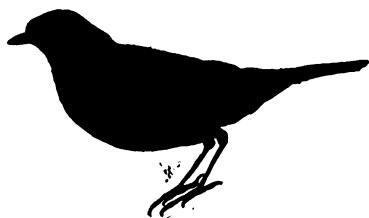
“Cherry ripe,” says the farmer;

“Cherries make me a pie;

Yet I’ll sell some to thee:—

For a song you may buy!”

(Seat work. Paint or model robin.)



MAKING WORDS.*

chick s . . . chicks

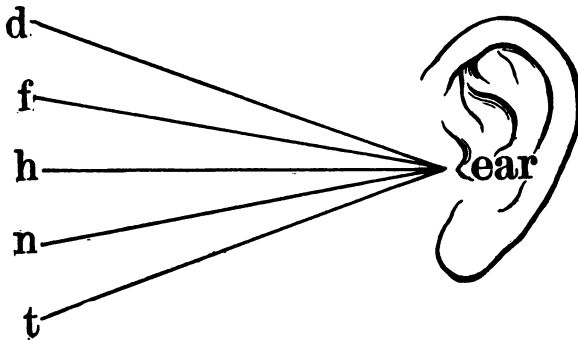
robin s . . . robins

Helen 's . . . Helen's

Henry s . . . Henry's

h . . . at . . . s . . . hats


p . . . at . . . s . . . pats





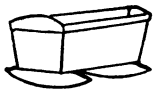

* See preface.

PICTURE STORIES.


(Seat work; draw the pictures.)

A is for  so big, round and red;

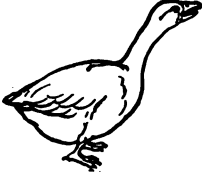

B is for  for  and bread.


C is for  where  may sleep;



D is for  that watches the .

E is for Edith; a dear  is she;

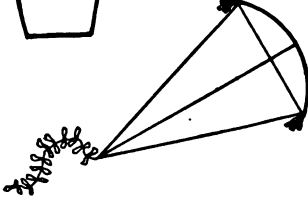
F is for  after 
for his tea.

G is for  and for  of course;


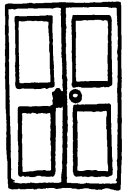
H is for Henry, for halter and .

I is for  for the  I think;

J is for  holding water to drink.

K is for  to fly
with a string;

L is for  we see in the spring.

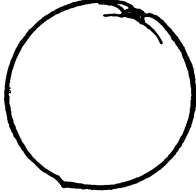
M is for  to be laid by the .

N is for



who helps all the poor.

O is for



both juicy and sweet;

P is for



always ready to eat.

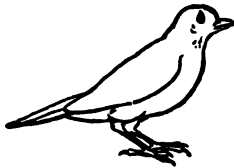
Q is for



who wears a gold

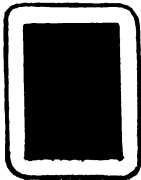


R is for

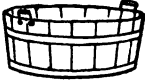
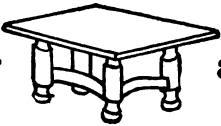


in scarlet and brown.

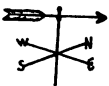
S is for




that we use at our school;

T is for  , for  and tool.


U is the  for rain or for snow;

V is the  telling how the winds blow.

W's for  that tells us the time;

X is the letter not made to rhyme.

Y is for  that sails o'er the sea;

Z is for  as strange as may be.

WHAT BONNY-BOY DOES.



PAPA TO BONNY-BOY.

Darling little Bonny-Boy,
 Tell me now, I pray,
 What you ever find to do,
 When I am away!

BONNY-BOY TO PAPA.

Laugh a little—cry some, too—
 Creep upon the floor;
 Shake a rattle, drink some milk—
 And then laugh some more!
 By and by, my mamma tells
 How the chickens peep,
 Sings a little song to me—
 And I go to sleep.

WHAT AM I?

A squirrel sleeps all winter. So do I.

A bird sings. So do I.

A fish swims. So do I.

A duck has web-feet. So have I.

A grasshopper can jump. So can I.

A boy can hop. So can I.

I am not a boy.

I am not a grasshopper.

I am not a duck.

I am not a fish.



I am not a bird.

I am not a squirrel.

What am I?

I am a frog, a green frog.

THE YELLOW BIRD.

(To be memorized.)



'Tis sunshine on a flying wing,

And sunshine on a coat;

'Tis sunshine changed to a bird to sing

A golden summer note.

OCTOBER DAYS.*

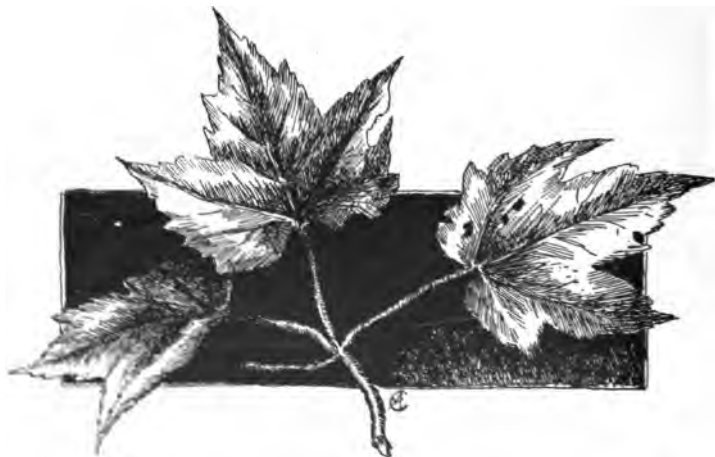
1.

This month is October.

It is the month of bright leaves.

The maple tree is a picture now.

Some of its leaves are as red as blood.



Some are green; some look like gold.

And on some of its leaves you see red,
gold, and green together.

Did Jack Frost paint the maple?

* See preface.

2.

These are October days.
What is October weather like?
The sky is as blue as in June.
The clouds are soft and white.
The days are shorter and colder.
White frost comes at night.
The frost does not stay long.
The bright, morning sunshine
 drives it away.
The frost makes the air clear.
We like to be out of doors all day.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

—H. H.

3.

Most of the birds have gone south.
They are afraid of Jack Frost.
Robin still sings, "Cheer up!"
The grasshoppers are all gone.
Poor, foolish grasshoppers!
Jack Frost found them all.
The bright leaves are falling.
Down they come,—
 the red, green and gold!
How pretty they are!



THE BUSHY-TAILS.



Nuts are falling,
falling, falling!

These are busy

days for squirrels.

Father and mother Bushy-Tail

run from tree to tree, all day long.

The baby Bushy-Tails like nuts to eat.

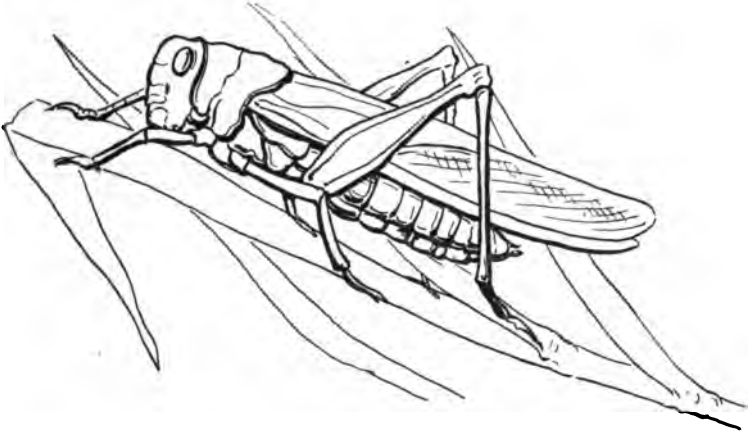
Winter is coming soon.

It will take many, many nuts
for all the babies this winter.
So the Bushy-Tails hurry, hurry,
from morning to night.
There are red squirrels and gray ones.
There are squirrels with stripes
on their backs.
From morning to night,
all are busy, busy, now!

(Seat work. Paper cutting.)



GRASSHOPPER GREEN.



Grasshopper green, all summer I've seen
You hopping and skipping at play;
Summer was warm and you saw no harm
In hopping and skipping all day.

Now summer is gone and autumn is come,
And naughty Jack Frost's out to-day;
Grasshopper green, you'd better be seen
Fast hopping and skipping away!

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY.



What are you doing, little caterpillar?

What am I doing, little girl?

I am eating these leaves.

I shall eat all I can.

I like these leaves.



(Draw)

I eat, eat, eat, all day long.

I am a little sleepy now.

I must spin a cradle to sleep in.

I shall tie it to a little twig.



I shall sleep all winter—yes,
all winter long.

When will you waken, little caterpillar?

I shall waken in the spring.

But I shall never crawl again,
never, never crawl again!



What will you do then, little caterpillar?



I shall fly, FLY, FLY!

How can you fly?

Caterpillars have no wings.

You must have wings if you fly.

Oh, I shall have wings.

I shall not be a caterpillar
when I waken.

I shall be a butterfly.



(Draw)

Then I shall have wings to fly with.

Where will you get your wings,

little caterpillar?

God will give me wings, little girl.

God will change me into a butterfly.

Good bye, now, little girl.

I must spin my cradle

and tie it to a twig.

Let me sleep till spring.

Then look for a beautiful butterfly.

Good bye, little caterpillar, good bye!

I will look for the butterfly.



PANSIES.

(To be memorized.)



Purple for shadows, gold for sunshine,
White for the clouds on high,
Brown for the earth that gave them birth,
And blue for the azure sky.

—Will Reed Dunroy.

MORNING SONG.

SARAH E. SPRAGUE.

G. A. GRANT-SCHAEFER.

To be sung brightly.

(1) Good morning, dear teacher, We greet you a-new, Good



(3) morning, dear children! Good morning to you! The



shadows of night-time Are all swept a-way By



sunbeams that brighten And glad - den the way.

CHORUS.



(4) Good morn-ing to all! (5) Good morning to all! (6) Good



(7) morning, good morning, (8) Good morning to all

Our father in Heaven
Has sent this new day
For us to make happy
With work and with play;
Like sunbeams we'll be, then,
To scatter the gloom;
Like sunbeams we'll brighten
And gladden this room.

Chorus:



- (1) Children bow to teacher.
- (2) Teacher bows to children.
- (3) Teacher bows again.
- (4) Teacher and children bow together.
- (5) Teacher and children bow together.
- (6) Children bow to right.
- (7) Children bow to left.
- (8) Teacher and children bow together.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.*

How many thumbs has Babykin?

How many fingers on one hand?

How many fingers on two hands?

How many legs has little dog Flash?

How many wings has a bee?

How many legs has a bird?

How many feet has Roger?

How many feet has Sport?

How many wings has a bird?

How many wings has a bee?

How many wings has a butterfly?

How many wings has a grasshopper?

How many legs has a grasshopper?

How many legs has a robin?

* See preface.

IN MOUSELAND.



(Draw)

Creepy-Crawly was
a little mouse.

He went creeping

and crawling all through the house.

Creepy-Crawly had a wise little mother.

“Be careful, Creepy-Crawly,” she said.

“When you go through the house,
watch for cats.

Always, always, be careful.

Cats have sharp eyes,

Creepy-Crawly.



(Draw)

Cats have very, very sharp ears.

Cats can run very, very fast.

And cats have claws, Creepy-Crawly.

Claws are dreadful, dreadful,

DREADFUL things, Creepy-Crawly!

If you see a cat, YOU RUN.

And RUN AT ONCE, Creepy-Crawly.

If you don't, you'll surely die."

So said Creepy-Crawly's wise little mother.

"Always watch for cats," said she;

"Cats are bad to you and me."

If you see a cat, you FLY!

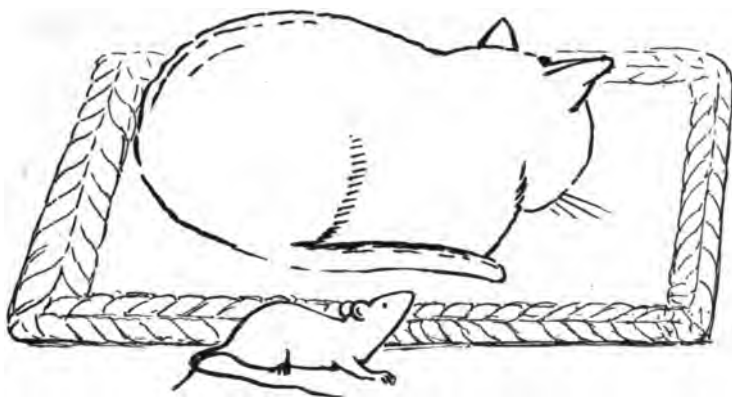
If you don't, YOU'LL SURELY DIE!

These are good old Mouseland laws,

Made because a cat has CLAWS!"



MORE ABOUT CREEPY-CRAWLY.



(Draw)

One day Creepy-Crawly went creeping
and crawling through the house.

By and by, he saw a big cat again.

It was old Blinky-Winky.

She was on a braided mat.

Creepy-Crawly saw the braided mat.

Then he saw old Blinky-Winky.

Was she asleep? Was she dead?

Creepy-Crawly did not know.

“I’ll go and see,” said the little mouse.

“No, I won’t. What was it mother said?

‘Cats have sharp eyes.

Cats have sharp ears.

Cats can run very, very fast.

Cats have dreadful, DREADFUL CLAWS.

Cats are bad to you and me.’

That is what mother said.”

Then he thought of Mouseland laws:

“Cats are bad; and cats have CLAWS.

If you see a cat, YOU RUN!

RUN AT ONCE! or all is done!”

“No; I won’t go near her,”

said Creepy-Crawly.

“Blinky-Winky may be asleep.

Blinky-Winky may be dead.

I do not care.

Blinky-Winky is a cat.

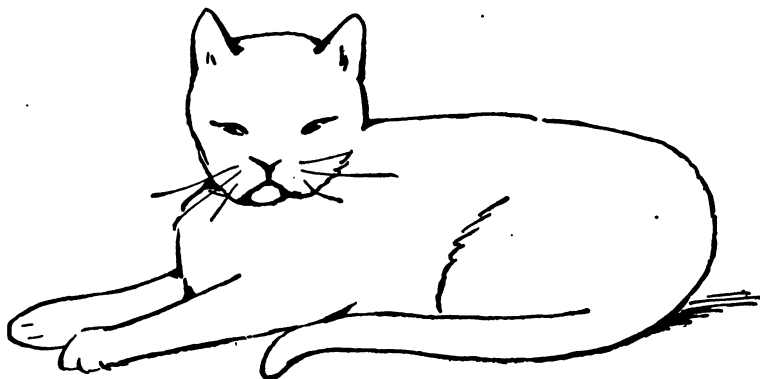
And cats have claws—

dreadful, DREADFUL claws!

I shall run, and run at once!”

And run he did—home to his mother.

Wise little Creepy-Crawly!



(Draw)

LITTLE KITTY.



Once there was a little kitty,
White as the snow;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a crow;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as dough;
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried, "Oh!"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago!

— Elizabeth Prentiss.

THE DOLLS THAT ARE COMING FOR CHRISTMAS.

ALICE E. ALLEN.

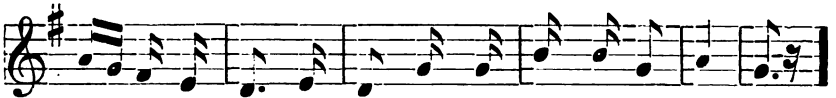
F. E. P.



1. The night her star - ry flag un - furls, The
2. In cot - ton gowns, in silks and pearls, With



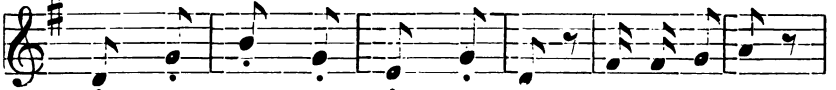
kind sleep fai - ry downward whirls, Dear lit - tle dreams for
braids of black, with yel - low curls, Dear lit - tle dolls for



dear lit - tle girls, Of dolls that are com - ing for Christmas.

dear lit - tle girls, The dolls that are com - ing for Christmas.

CHORUS.



Brown-eyed, blue-eyed, black-eyed, too, Pol - ly in white,



Bess all in blue, Thel - ma and Gretchen, Ka - tri - na and



Lu, The dolls that are com - ing for Christmas.



THE CHRISTMAS DOLL

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Why do bells for Christmas ring?

Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star

Seen by shepherds from afar,

Gently moved until its light

Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay

Pillowed soft upon the hay,

And its mother sang and smiled:

“This is Christ, the Holy Child.”

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,

Therefore little children sing.

WHAT THE CHRISTMAS TREE SAID.



I am a happy, happy tree!

The children call me their Christmas tree.

My branches are hung with pretty gifts.

The children are singing around me.

“O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!

Your branches green I love to see.”

That is a new name to me.

Only a short time ago I was called a fir tree.

I lived in a grand old forest.

I seem to see it now.

My brothers and sisters are there.

Tall, tall fir trees they are.

How beautiful they look in the white snow!

The snow does not harm them.

Their branches are strong.

Jack Frost does not harm them, either.

I love to think of my forest home.

I was very happy there.

The little birds made nests in my branches.

What songs the wind sang to me!

To-night children sing to me.

My branches hold many gifts of love.

I am glad to be a Christmas tree.

THE STAR GAME.*

Come, little boys.

Come, little girls.

We will play the star game.

You shall be bright little stars.

I will be the Mother Moon.

Little stars, little stars,

Up in the blue,

Tell what you see,—

Then I'll tell you.

Star Frank, what do you see?

I see Roger and Sport fast asleep.

What do you see, Star Helen?

I see a little mouse in the barn.

Star Max, what do you see?

I see dog Flash in Baby's cradle.

* See preface.

Star Henry, what do you see?

I see the white hen. Her little chicks
are asleep under her wings.

What do you see, Star Willie?

I see old Blinky-Winky.

She is fast asleep.

What do you see, little Star Anna?

I see Babykin rolling her ball.

Star Mary, what do you see?

I see a beautiful Easter lily.

A fairy is asleep in its heart.

Little stars, little stars,

You have told true;

And what the stars see,

The moon sees, too!

EDITH'S IDEA OF WINTER.



The wind is cold and the ground is white. We see no flowers. We see no leaves. They are all in their cradles. They will sleep till spring. I shiver,

shiver, all the time. I do not like winter. I can not keep warm.

Have you seen any leaf cradles? Have you seen any flower cradles? The buds are the cradles. Mamma says that Mother Nature made them.

By and by, spring will come. She will bring warm winds and rains. The sunshine will be very bright and warm. Then the bud-cradles will open.

Mother Nature will call out the leaves and the flowers. She will call all the birds back, too. I long for the birds. I long for the flowers. How happy we shall be when they come!

ARTHUR'S IDEA OF WINTER.



I am happy now. I am not afraid of
the cold and the snow. I am not afraid

of Jack Frost. He makes us ice to skate on.

We get out our skates and our sleds. We skate on the ice. We slide down hill. I like to skate. I like to slide.

I like to see the snow come down like soft, white feathers. I like snow-drifts. I like snow-balls. I like to make snow forts and snow-men.

Christmas comes in winter. Christmas-trees come in winter. Hurrah for winter! I say I like winter. Hurrah, hurrah!



LITTLE SNOW-MAID.*



Pretty little snowflakes,
Have you come to play
With a little snow-maid,
Who's alone to-day?

* See preface.

Arthur's gone a-skating;
Mamma's out to tea;
All my dolls are sleeping—
Won't you friendly be?

Are you very busy
Making blankets white?
Must you work by daylight
And all through the night?

Must you get your white wool
From the Cloudland gray?
Snowflakes, must you weave it
In your looms to-day?

Pretty little snowflakes,
Won't you stay with me,
Till I make a snow-man
For the rest to see?

THE EASTER LILY.



(Draw, paint, or sew lilies).

“The
pure
white
lily

raised its cup

At Easter time, at Easter time;
The lily to the sky looked up
At happy Easter time.”

The Easter lily is beautiful.
It has many dark green leaves.
The leaves are long and narrow.
Its stem is long and green.
It is shaped like a cylinder.
The blossom is bell-shaped.
The Easter lily is pure white.
Its buds are light green.
The lily comes from a bulb.
The bulb is sphere-shaped.
It is not at all beautiful.
It looks like a brown onion.
But a lily is in its heart!
The lily has a message for us.
This is its message: "Be like me:
Be clean: be sweet: be white: be pure!"

—Adapted from *The Plan Book*.

TWO IDEAS OF MARCH.



The March
winds blow;
They whisper
"My dear,
The robins
are back,
So be of
good cheer!"

The March
winds blow;
We look
like frights!
What do
we care?
They fly
our kites!



GOOD NIGHT SONG.

SARAH E. SPRAGUE

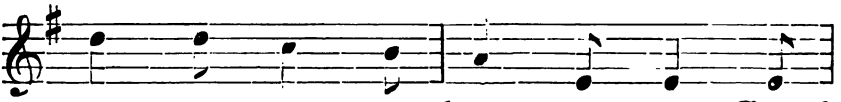
G. A. GRANT-SCHAEFER.

Gently and smoothly.

The gold-en sun is sink-ing low, 'Tis



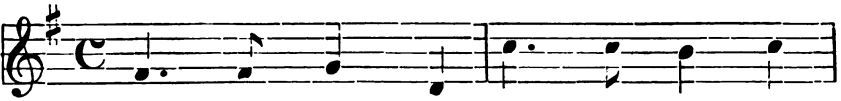
time for us to homeward go; But



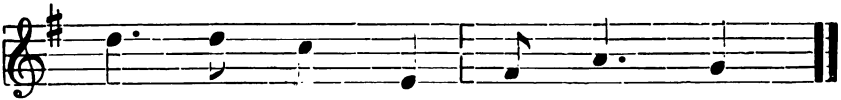
ere we start a - long our way, "Good



night to all! good night!" we say; "Good



night to work, good-night to play; Good



night, dear day, dear hap - py day."

God keep us all in His dear care
As lightly now we homeward fare:
God lead us on by pathways bright,
And safely keep us through the night!

Good night to work;

Good night to play;

Good night, dear day,

Dear happy day!

ACTION SENTENCES.

(Read silently. Follow by action.)

Clap your hands three times.


Clap your hands four times.

Clap your hands five times.

Clap your hands six times.

PUSSY WILLOW HAS COME.

1.



Good morning, children. I have just come. Have the robins come? Or the bluebirds? You have seen robins and bluebirds, too? Then I am a little late.

2.

That is because the winds have been so cold. I think it is a little cold to-day. But I am not cold. My gray fur coat keeps me warm. How do you like this coat? See how soft the fur is. Is it not pretty?

3.

I like this coat better than my brown one for spring. The brown

one is good for winter. It keeps out all the cold winds and the rain. I sleep all winter in that coat. When it is cold I sleep rather late.

4.

I have something to tell you, children,—something good! It is what the bluebird tells. It is what the robin tells. It is what the little stream sings as it flows to the sea.

5.

Sometimes the birds and streams tell it before I do. Sometimes I tell it before they do. We all tell it together, now:—“Summer is coming and springtime is here!”

ACTION SENTENCES.

(Read silently. Follow by action.)

THE CUBE.

Willie may find a cube.

How many corners has it?

How many edges has it?

How many sides has it?

Name three things shaped like it.

Put the cube on the table, please.

THE BALL.

John may come to the table.

Find a ball, please.

Bound the ball on the floor.

What balls bound the best?

Roll the ball to Anna.

Anna may toss it to Frank.

Frank may throw it to Harry.

Harry may put it on the table.

SPRING.



The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.
The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
 So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
 A music clear and sweet.
And buttercups are coming,
 And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
 The dandelions shine.
And just as many daisies
 As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather
 All fair in white and gold.
Here blows the warm red clover,
 There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
 God made them all for you.

— *Celia Thaxter.*

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STORY OF THE LITTLE PLANT.



1.

Once a little girl planted a seed.
It was a little brown seed.
In its heart was a little plant.
The little plant was fast asleep.
The heart of the seed was its cradle.
The cradle was warm and the plant
slept a long time.

2.

Winter came with cold and snow.
The little plant did not feel the cold.
Cold winter winds blew.
The little plant did not feel them.
It did not know it was winter.
The heart of the seed kept it warm.

3.

By and by, the spring came.
What about the little plant then?
The sunshine called to it: "Wake up,
 little plant. Spring is here.
Come up into the sunshine."
Then the raindrops called:
"Wake up, little plant, wake up!"



4.

Then the little girl came.

Such a dear little girl!

“This is the place,” she said.

“I planted the brown seed here.

It is time for the plant to be up.

Is it fast asleep still?

I will try to wake it up.”

5.

Then the little girl called:

“Wake up, little plant, wake up!

Spring is here and I want you.

Come up and see the sunshine.

Come up and see the raindrops.

Come up and see me.

Come up, little plant, come!”

Did it hear the call?

6.

At last, the little plant came up.

It saw the sunshine and the raindrops.

It saw the dear little girl.

That was best of all!

So it grew till it was as tall as she!

IN THE APPLE TREE.

Here are two apple trees.



Soon the trees will be full
of sweet blossoms.

I see a busy little robin.

Up he flies as fast as he can
into the branches.



Oh, oh, oh! I see a little
brown nest!

On the nest sits the happy
mother bird.



Under her warm wings
are five tiny blue eggs.

By and by out will come
the baby birds.





“I give my head and my heart to my country.
One country, one language, and one flag.”

ACTION SENTENCES.

(Read silently. Follow by action.)

Get the flag, Helen.

Hold it up, please.

Wave the flag once.

Wave it once more.

What does the flag stand for?

Count all its stripes.

Give the flag to Frank, please.

How many stars has the flag?

What do the stars stand for?

Name the colors of the flag.

What does the red say to us?

What does the white say?

What does the blue say?

What names has our flag?

What do soldiers call it?

Hurrah for the flag! hurrah!

THE MONTHS.*

(To be memorized.)

January, February, March,

April, May, June,

July, August, September,

October, November, December.

“Thirty days has September,

April, June and November;

All the rest have thirty-one

But February. This alone

Has twenty-eight; and one day more

Add to it, one year in four.”

* See preface.

WHAT SHALL WE WRAP THE BABY IN?*

(To be memorized.)



“What shall we wrap the baby in?

Nothing that fingers have woven will do;

Looms of the heart weave love ever new;

Love, only love, is the right thread to spin;

Love we must wrap the baby in.”

* See preface.

ACTION SENTENCES.

(Read silently. Follow by action.)

THE SPHERE.

Come to the table, Mary.

Find the sphere.

Hold it up, please.

What shape is the sphere?

What fruits have the same shape?

Roll the sphere to Frank.

Frank may bring it to the table.

THE CYLINDER.

Ella may come to the table.

Find the cylinder, please.

Show what the cylinder can do.

Name two things shaped like
a cylinder.

Give the cylinder to Mary, please.

Please put the cylinder on the table.

Run to your seat.

LITTLE JACK'S CONCERT.



Jack sat by the little pond.

Overhead was the clear blue sky.

At his feet was the clear blue water.

Around the pond were green rushes.

Among the rushes were the frogs.

There were big frogs and little frogs.

Jack counted ten in all.

The frogs had on green coats.

“Sing!” said Jack to a big frog.

“Sing to me. Sing to me!”

But the frog did not sing.

“Not a note! NOT A NOTE!”

That was what he said.

“Why not?” said little Jack.

“Sore throat! SORE THROAT!”

said the big frog.

“I came to hear a concert,”

said little Jack.

“NOT A NOTE! SORE THROAT! NOT A NOTE!

SORE THROAT! NOT A NOTE! SORE THROAT!”

The big frog said it over and over.

And little Jack had to go home

without the concert.

JUNE.

(To be memorized.)



And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

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RAIN IN SUMMER.

(To be memorized.)

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it struggles and gushes out
From the throat of the overflowing
spout!

Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE MOON CHILDREN.



You have seen the man in the moon.
Have you ever seen two children
in the moon?

I will tell you about them.

Once there was a little earth boy.

And there was a little earth girl, too.

The little boy was Jack.

The little girl was Jill.

Jack and Jill had a bright, new pail.

“Jack and Jill went up the hill

To get a pail of water.”

They went up the hill at night.

They could see by the moonlight.

They saw the moon man and loved him.

They loved the beautiful moonlight, too.

They called it the moon man's smile.

(Seat work. Paper cutting.)



PART II.

Every night they saw the moon man.

He was always looking at them.

He was always smiling, too.



“Poor man in the moon,” said Jack.

“You must be lonely up there.”

“Poor moon man,” said Jill.

“Are you all alone up there?”

“All alone,” smiled the moon man.

“Are you very lonely?” said Jill.

“Very lonely,” said the moon man.

“Would you like to have me up there?”

said Jack.

“And me, too?” said Jill.

“Very, very much,” smiled the moon man.

“Will you make a ladder?” said Jack.

“A bright moonbeam ladder?” said Jill.

“Yes, I will make the ladder,—a bright,

beautiful, moonbeam ladder,”

said the moon man.

“Will you let it down to earth for us?”

said Jack.

“Yes, oh, yes; down to earth for you,”

said the moon man.



“And may we climb to the moon?” said Jill.

“Yes, you may climb to the moon,”

said the moon man.

“May I take my gun?” said Jack.

“And my broom?” said Jill.

“Gun and broom,” said the moon man.

“And our pail, too?” said Jack.

“Your pail, too,” said the moon man.

“Be sure to bring the pail.”

“And live with you?” said Jack.

“And live with you always?” said Jill.

“Yes, you may live with me always,

always, ALWAYS!”

And the moon man’s smile was brighter
than ever.

And so they went to the moon!

Some children think this is a true story.

Do you?

PART III.

“Jack and Jill

Went up the hill

To get a pail of water.

Jack fell down

And broke his crown,

And Jill came tumbling after.”

You heard this story of Jack and Jill

a long time ago.

It is a Mother Goose story.

Your mother heard this story

when she was a little girl.

Some think the sky was the hill.

Did Jack and Jill climb the sky hill?

Did the moon man make the ladder?

Was it a beautiful moonbeam ladder?

Was it let down to earth?

Did Jack and Jill climb to the moon?

I did not see them.

No one saw them but the moon man.

And he does not tell.

He only smiles and smiles!

Look at the moon to-night.

See if you can find the moon man.

Look for Jack and Jill, too.

They are the only moon children.

Some earth children think they see

the man in the moon.

Some think they see Jack and Jill.

What do you see?

THE MOON-BABY.

(To be memorized.)



There's a beautiful golden cradle
That rocks in the rose-red sky;
I have seen it there in the evening air,
When the bats and the beetles fly,
With little white clouds for curtains,
And pillows of fleecy wool,
And a dear little bed
for the moon-baby's head,
So tiny and beautiful.

— *Pall Mall Gazette.*

SNOWFLAKE'S COUSINS.*

1.

Have you any cousins?

Snowflake has many, many cousins.

There are far too many to count.

Their home is in a dark gray cloud.

Sometimes the cloud comes close to us.

Then we see Snowflake's cousins.

2.

They jump from the dark cloud.

They jump into flower-cups.

They fall on the ground.

They drop on the grass.

They drop on the leaves.

They look like diamonds—

like diamonds in the sunshine.

How pretty they are!

* See preface.

3.

Sometimes they come to the windows.

They tap, tap, tap, on the windows.

This is what they try to say:

Come out, boys! Come out, girls!

We tap, tap, tap, for you.

Get your rubber boots on.

Bring your umbrellas.

Come out and play with us!"

4.

Sometimes they meet the little sun-
shine fairies.

Then what do you think they do?

They make a rainbow!

The sunshine fairies help them.

The rainbow makes us all happy.

Who are Snowflake's cousins?

THE BIRD GAME.

(Children guess the birds. For seat work, draw or model the birds.)

1.

Let us play the bird game.

What bird are you, Helen?

I am a song bird.

I come early in the spring.

My throat is full of sweet songs.

I sing about the spring.

I am a pretty bird.

My coat is like a bit of the sky.



2.

What bird are you, Frank?

My coat is all black.

I am larger than the bluebird.

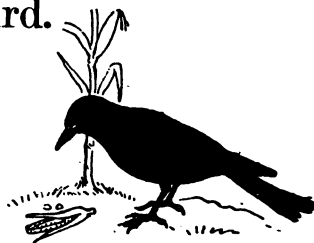
Farmers do not like me.

I am not a song bird.

When I try to sing, I say:

“Caw! caw! caw!”

I like to steal the farmer's corn.



3.

What bird are you, Mary?

I am a song bird.

I am not so large as the crow.

I sing a very sweet song.

It makes you think of summer.

My coat is like sunshine.

I look just like sunshine
changed into a bird.



4.

What bird are you, Henry?

I am a large bird.

I have a pretty red cap.

My coat is black and white.

It is very pretty.

I can not sing much.

I can tap, tap, tap, just like
a hammer.

5.

What bird are you, Willie?

I am a song bird.

My coat is brown.

My vest is red.

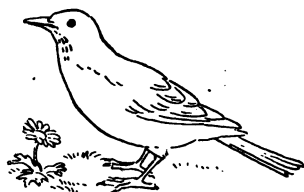
I come early in the spring.

Every one likes me.

I sing in the sunshine.

I sing in the rain.

I sing "cheer up! cheer up!"



6.

What bird are you, little Anna?

I am not a song bird.

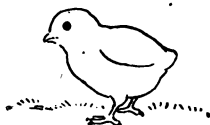
I look like a yellow ball.

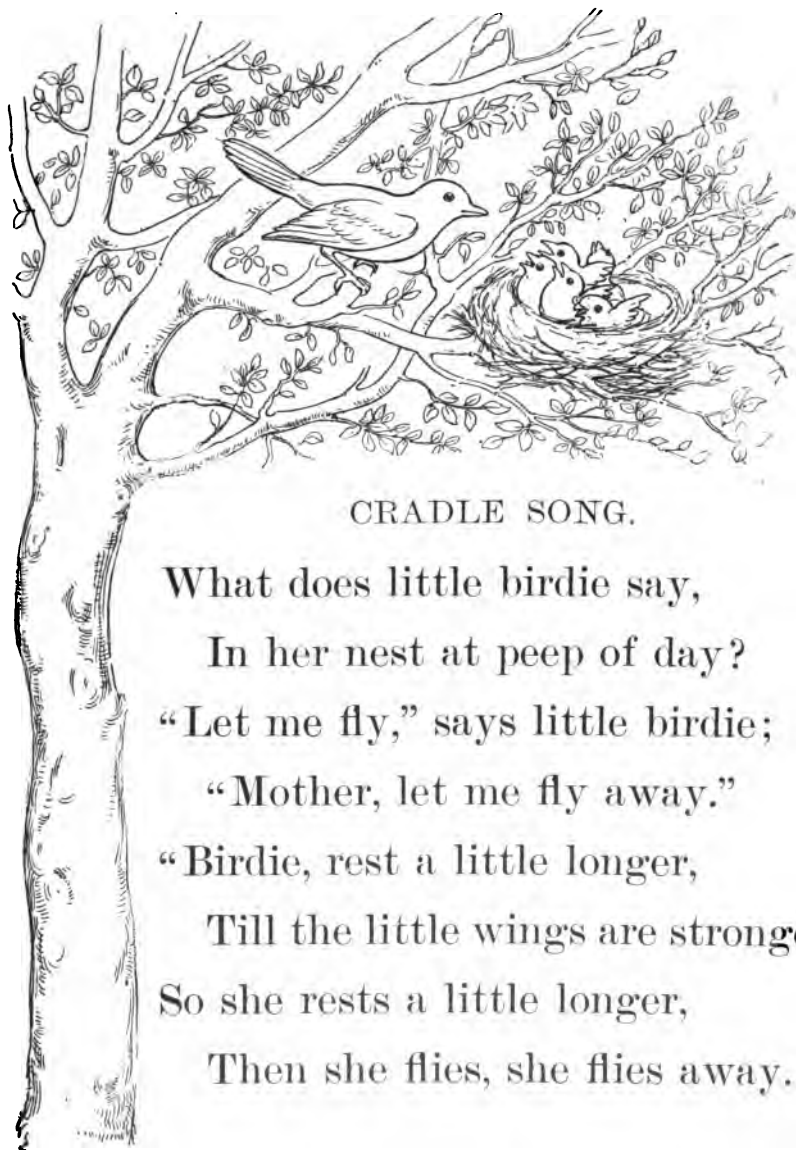
I can not sing.

I just say "peep! peep!"

My mother says "cluck! cluck!"

I am the white hen's baby.





CRADLE SONG.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
“Let me fly,” says little birdie;
“Mother, let me fly away.”
“Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.”
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies, she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
“Let me rise and fly away.”
“Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.”
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

— *Tennyson.*



THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LITTLE.

Chicken-Little lived near the oak wood. One fine day she took a walk into the wood.



By and by Chicken-Little stopped to rest under a tree. An acorn fell from the tree and struck her on the head.

The acorn struck very, very hard. Poor, foolish Chicken-Little thought that a piece of the sky had fallen.

She did not look up to see if it were true. She started off to tell the king about it.

On the way she met Henny-Penny.

“Where are you going so fast?” said Henny-Penny.



“Oh!” said Chicken-Little, “a piece of the sky has fallen. It struck my head. Now I am going to tell the king.”

“I will go with you, Chicken-Little,” said Henny-Penny; and on went the two.



Soon they met Cocky-Locky. “Where are you going so fast?” said Cocky-Locky.

“Oh!” said Henny-Penny, “Chicken-Little says a piece of the sky has fallen.

It struck her head. We are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Cocky-Locky; and on went the three.



By and by they met Ducky-Daddles. "Where are you all going?" said Ducky-Daddles.

"Oh, oh!" said Cocky-Locky, "a piece of the sky has fallen. It struck Chicken-Little on the head. We are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you, then," said Ducky-Daddles; and on went the four.

On the way they met Goosey-Poosey.

“Where are you going?”
said fat Goosey-Poosey
to the four.



“Oh!” said Ducky-Daddles, “a piece of the sky has fallen. It struck Chicken-Little on the head. We are going to tell the king.”

“I will go with you,” said Goosey-Poosey; and on went the five.



By and by they met Turkey-Lurky. “Where are you going?” said Turkey-Lurky to the five.

“Oh, oh!” said Goosey-Poosey, “a piece of the sky has fallen. It struck Chicken-

Little on the head. We are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Turkey-Lurky; and on went the six.

At last they met Fox-Lox. "Where are you all going so fast?" said Fox-Lox.



"Oh, oh!" said silly Turkey-Lurky, "a piece of sky has fallen. It struck Chicken-Little on the head. We are going to tell the king."

"Come with me," said Fox-Lox. "I will show you the way." Then off the six went with Fox-Lox.

Old Fox-Lox took the six to his den.



“Stop here to rest,” said he. So the six stopped to rest.

After they went into the den, no one ever saw Chicken-Little again. No one saw Henny-Penny again. No one ever saw any of the six again!

Old Fox-Lox was seen again and again. He knew all about the six. But he did not go to tell the king.

And so the king never, never knew that a piece of the sky had fallen and struck poor Chicken-Little on the head!

— *Old English Folk Lore.*

WHAT SIX LITTLE GIRLS WISHED.

(For dramatization.)



I would be a blossom,
Shedding perfume sweet,
By the dusty way-side
Or the busy street.

I would make you honey,
Like the tireless bee,
From a rose or thistle,
As it came to me.



I would be a dew-drop,
Working all the night,
Stringing all your
grass-blades
With my jewels bright.



I would be a fairy,
Granting wishes three,
And to happy dreamland
Giving you the key.



I would be a robin,
Waking you at dawn,
Calling you
from dreamland
With my happy song.

I would be a sunbeam,
Lighting up your way,
Bringing naught
but gladness
All the golden day.



THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE.*

Once upon a time, a hare met a tortoise taking his usual walk.

Just for a joke, he asked the tortoise to run a race with him.

“Very well,” said the tortoise. “The one that first reaches the big tree at the top of that long hill, wins the race.”

“Just as you like, Slow Boots,” laughed the hare. “One, two, three, GO!”

Off they went, the hare at a great pace, the tortoise at his usual slow pace.

The day was hot and the big tree was a mile away.

“I do not need to hurry,” said the hare

* See preface.

to himself. "Slow Boots can not catch me. I will take a nap."

The nap was long and when the hare reached the tree, there was the tortoise!

"Slow but sure," said the tortoise.
"He laughs best who laughs last."

MEMORY GEM.

"Build a little fence of trust
around to-day;

Fill the space with loving deeds
and therein stay.

Look not through the bars
upon to-morrow;

God will help thee bear what comes
of joy or sorrow!"

— *Selected.*



AN OLD MONARCH.

Rosa_Bonheur.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

Once a great lion was caught in a net. He tried, and he tried, but he could not get free. The net held him fast.

By and by, a little mouse came along and saw the lion in the net. "Shall I help you?" said he kindly.

"What can you do?" growled the lion. "You are too small to help. You are nothing but a mouse."

"A mouse has sharp teeth. I can gnaw those cords off," said the little mouse.

"Well, you may try," said the lion. So the little mouse gnawed the cords in two and the lion was free.

“It was a kind act,” said he. “I am sorry that I growled at you.”

“Do not forget,” said the mouse, “that no one is too small to do a kind act. And no one is so great as never to need help.”

Then the mouse went on his way and left the great lion to think of all that had been said and done.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

What is your father's name?

What day of the week is it?

What month is it?

What year is it?

What city do you live in?

What state do you live in?

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

Once upon a time, an old woman was sweeping her house and found a silver sixpence on the floor.

So she bought a nice little pig with the sixpence and began to drive him home.

By and by, they came to a stile and she said to the little pig,—

“Now, pig, get over the stile.”

But the pig would not.

Just then a little dog came along and the old woman said to him,—

“Dog, dog, bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I sha’n’t get home to-night.”

But the dog would not.

So the old woman said to her stick,—

“Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I sha’n’t get home to-night.”

But the stick would not.

Then the old woman made a fire and
threw her stick into it. Then she said,—

“Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I sha’n’t get home to-night.”

But the fire would not.

So the old woman brought some water,
from a spring near by, and said,—

“Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I sha’n’t get home to-night.”

But the water would not.

Then the old woman said to an ox,—

“Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won’t quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t go;
I see by the moonlight,
It’s long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and a half
ago.”

But the ox would not.

So the old woman called a butcher and
said,—

“Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won’t drink water;
Water won’t quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t go.
I see by the moonlight,
It’s long past midnight;

Time pig and I were home an hour and a half
ago."

But the butcher would not.

Then the old woman said to a rope,—

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and a half
ago."

But the rope would not

So she said to a brown field mouse,—

"Mouse, mouse, gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;

Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour and a half
ago."

"Yes," said the mouse, "I will if you will give me some cheese."

So the old woman found some nice cheese; and when the mouse had eaten it,

The mouse began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
And the pig began to go.

And so, at last, the old woman got safely home with her pig.

MEMORY GEMS.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

— *Bible.*

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.

— *George Herbert.*

Do noble things, not dream them
all life long.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

“Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.”

Rather go to bed supperless
than rise in debt.

— *Benjamin Franklin.*

Give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

— *Madeline S. Bridges.*

I would rather be right than be President.

— *Henry Clay.*

Little children, love one another.

— *Bible.*

Do not stop with being good. Be good
for something.

All that's great and good is done

Just by patient trying.

— *Phoebe Cary.*

Every cloud has a silver lining.

— *Old Proverb.*

“Whatever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
So blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows—that wind is best.”

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

(See latest edition Webster's International Dictionary.)

A	O	Y
ā as in gāte	ō as in gō	ȳ as in mȳ
ă as in cǎp	ö as in löt	ÿ as in cit'ÿ
à as in ask	ò as in òth'er	C—CH
ǎ as in stǎr	ọ as in wɔlf	e as in eat
ạ as in what	ơ as in dọ	ç as in çent
ạ as in ball	ô as in stôrk	ch as in child
â as in châir	ô as in ô blige'	eh as in ehord
ã as in sen'âte	ōō as in mōon	çh as in çhaise
	öö as in gōöd	S
	ou as in count	s as in same
	ow as in now	ş as in haş
	oi as in soil	N
		n as in not
E	U	n (ng) as in un'cle
ē as in ēve	ū as in tūbe	X
ě as in ģet	ǔ as in cǔp	x (ks) as in expect'
ē as in hēr	ұ as in pull	ẋ (gz) as in eẋist'
ê as in whêre	ṽ as in rṽde	F
ě as in ěnough'	û as in būrn	f as in farm
ē as in eight	ũ as in ũnique'	f (v) as in of
		PH
		ph (f) as in Phil'ip
I	G	
ī as in five	g as in ġet	
ĩ as in ĩt	ġ as in ġem	
ī as in ma chīne'		
ĩ as in ĩ de'al		

This Key to Pronunciation is for reference and will cover all ordinary cases. The pupils should gradually be taught the use of the diacritical marks, but need not complete this work before Book III. is reached.

SPRAGUE CLASSIC READERS

TESTIMONIALS

I must begin by saying the publishers have given you a most flattering introduction, for it is quite the handsomest book I have ever seen. And then, upon looking and reading it through, from "Foreword" to "Finis," I say that your part deserves the setting they have given it. Your preface is excellent in the soundness and practical character of your suggestions. They will be very helpful to the intelligent teacher. Then, too, the matter is charming, well selected, and graded to interest the children for whom it is prepared. I am certain it will take high rank among the best books of the kind. I congratulate you and wish you an abundant reward for your good services.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) D. L. KIEHLE,

Professor of Pedagogy, Univ. of Minn.

I have just read Book One of the "Sprague Classic Readers." It is a welcome and distinct addition to the list of readers. The general appearance is attractive; but it is the frequent unique touches in the pedagogical treatment that appeal to the real teacher, and disclose the master hand, in its deep sympathy with childhood and its determination to spare no work to lead the child to an interest in art and nature while teaching him to read. The dramatic interest, the diversity of topics, the rhythmic effects and the action which fill the pages are bound to attract and hold the child's interest throughout.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JAMES C. ALLING,

Principal Jacob Beidler School, Chicago, Ill.

I have just received your first book. Am very much pleased with it.

(Signed) W. A. FURR,
Superintendent of Schools, Ottawa, Ill.

I read Book One of the "Sprague Classic Readers" all through, very carefully, and class it at once among the very best.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. B. HAYDEN,
Superintendent of Schools, Rock Island, Ill.

I am much pleased with your new primer. The plan of the book is so natural, that it seems as if any teacher could interest any child. The print, pictures, and make-up of the book are the best I have seen.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) JOHN B. RILEY,
*Pres. Board of Managers, Plattsburgh Normal School,
Plattsburgh, N. Y.*

Especially was I glad to receive The Sprague Classic, Book I., for the publication of which I have been anxiously awaiting, having seen some of the manuscript, and knowing from that that the book was to be an addition to the foremost readers for first year pupils. It has more than fulfilled my expectations. Its pages are full of interesting and instructive reading matter, and this, taken together with the excellent and telling illustrations, make up a book not to be excelled. The name of the book was so well chosen, for the book certainly belongs to that class of literature—Children's Classics. In reading over the pages of this little book, one is impressed with the joyful tone of the stories, and with the knowledge that the author, Dr. Sarah E. Sprague, thoroughly understands and loves children, that she believes that happiness and joy are necessary to wholesome development of child nature.

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) MABEL A. CLAPP,
Laurel Ave. School, Chicago, Ill.

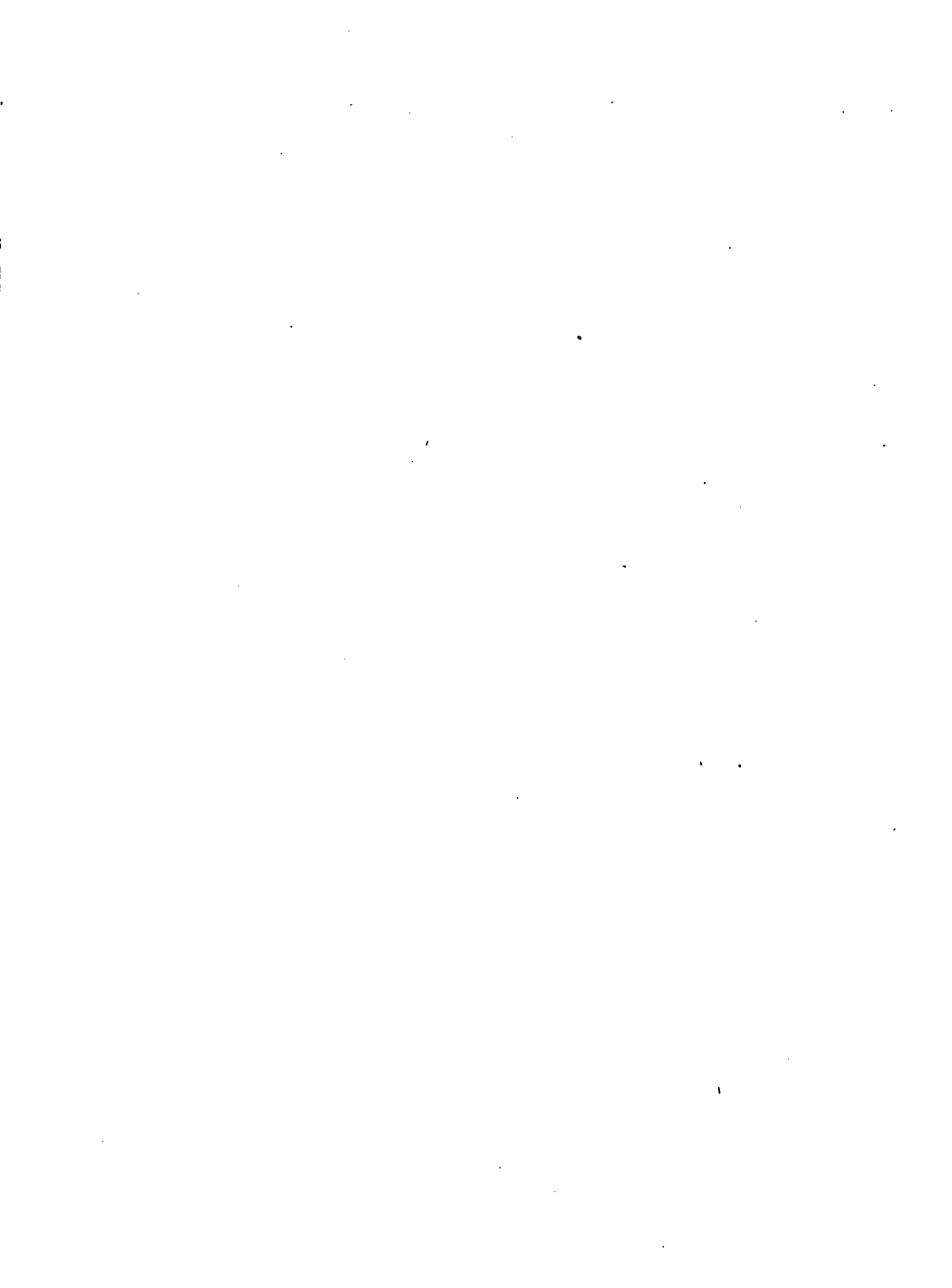
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